John Travolta
Michelle Pfeiffer
Christopher Walken
Amanda Bynes
James Marsden
and
Queen Latifah

HAIRSPRAY

SOUNDTRACK TO THE MOTION PICTURE

Brittany Snow
Zac Efron
Elijah Kelley
introducing
Nikki Blonsky

Music by Marc Shaiman Lyrics by Scott Wittman & Marc Shaiman

From John Waters' imagination in 1987 to the fingers of the guy typesetting these words in 2007, there have been literally thousands of people who have worked to tell the story of Tracy Turnblad. And before them, there were the writers, producers and artists of the classic records that inspired "Tracy" as well as Scott Wittman and myself. To exclude one name pains me. To choose only a few would require a Solomon. So please, read every name that appears on this CD, Google the cast and crew of the Broadway production, IMDB the original film, and know that every name represents so many guitar strumming hands, fader pushing fingers, the unique voices of wildly talented actors and actresses, not to mention the hearts and minds of some brilliant directors and choreographers, etc . . .

Speaking of, if I don't specifically mention Adam Shankman, who is standing right behind me right now, he'll throw a speaker at my head. Thank you Adam for taking everything so many people created before you, and by adding your own heart, humor and motion, have created a movie, a child, that I will cherish forever. Thank you.

–Marc Shaiman
Music Producer

When I first met Marc Shaiman and Scott Wittman in 1988, I was a dancer and a waiter who had Broadway dreams. Marc was playing piano for a Broadway revue called *Haarlem Nocturne* and Scott was staging anarchistic entertainment at the then-fabulous Danceteria. This was also the year that John Waters' *Hairspray* was released. *Kismet*? No . . . *Hairspray* . . .

When I found out that my dear friends were work-shopping a musical version of the movie intended for Broadway, I publicly jumped with joy for them while I privately seethed with jealousy. My path had led me to Hollywood directing movies, as Marc and Scott were headed eastward after many amazing years working in film scoring, bound for the Great White Way.

Well, all came full circle. *Hairspray* became a huge Tony Award winning hit, New Line decided to revert it back to film and the musical gods and New Line brass smiled upon me and I became the Choreographer and Director of the new version of the movie. More importantly, after years of bowing and scraping at Marc and Scott's genius and well-manicured feet, I was their boss, okay, fine "collaborator in chief." Really, the only reason to remake this cult classic was to bring to film the amazing music these two brilliant men had written. I couldn't wait to get in there and start the process of shaping the movie!

For purposes of storytelling, we excised a few numbers from the show, but in most cases, simply repurposed the unnecessary songs as score. As far as new songs, I told them that although I always loved "It Takes Two"–I felt that "Link" needed a rowdy Elvis-like number where "Tracy" could really shake it in front of "Corny." I felt the Madison didn't show her off enough. Thus was born "Ladies' Choice." "New Girl In Town" was written for the play, but discarded as unnecessary. I decided it was the perfect song for Tracy's "rise to fame" montage. Also, it gave me a way to do something neither the original film, nor the Broadway Production did, show *Negro Day*! Finally, "Come So Far," was written for the end credits to keep those toes tapping as the audience dances up the aisles . . . hopefully.

Hairspray has been the most joyous, extraordinary and beautiful experience of my life. If you can enjoy this music one one-millionth as much as I loved working every day for a year-and-a-half on it, you will be filled with a joy far too few have known.

I want to thank Bob Shaye, Michael Lynne, Toby Emmerich, Mark Kaufman, Craig Zadan and Neil Meron for your support. My beloved partners forever, Jennifer Gibgot, Garrett Grant, Anne "Mama" Fletcher, Jimmy Badstibner and Andrew Cannava . . . what can I say? Without you guys, there is no me. To my parents, I raise my glass to you for never allowing me to say "never." And mostly to Marc and Scott for making the music that makes me dance and dance and dance. You are my heroes.

All My Love,
–Adam
Film Director

GOOD MORNING BALTIMORE

TRACY

Oh, oh, oh
Woke up today
Feeling the way I always do
Oh, oh, oh
Hungry for something
That I can't eat
Then I hear that beat
That rhythm of town
Starts calling me down
It's like a message from high above
Oh, oh, oh
Pulling me out
To the smiles and the
Streets that I love

Good Morning Baltimore
Every day's like an open door
Every night is a fantasy
Every sound's like a symphony

Good Morning Baltimore
And some day when I take to the floor
The world's gonna wake up and see
Baltimore and me!

Oh , oh, oh
Look at my hair
What "do" can compare
with mine today?
Oh, oh, oh,
I've got my hairspray and radio
I'm ready to go

The rats on the street
All dance round my feet
They seem to say
"Tracy, it's up to you"

So, oh, oh
Don't hold me back
'Cause today all my dreams
will come true

Good Morning Baltimore
There's the flasher who lives next door
There's the bum on his bar room stool
They wish me luck on my way to school

Good Morning Baltimore
And some day when I take to the floor
The world's gonna wake up and see
Baltimore and me!

I know every step
I know every song
I know there's a place where I belong
I see all those party lights
shining ahead
So someone invite me
Before I drop dead!

So, oh, oh
Give me a chance
'Cause when I start to dance
I'm a movie star
Oh, oh, oh
Something inside of me
makes me move
When I hear that groove
My ma tells me no
But my feet tell me go
It's like a drummer inside my heart

So, oh, oh
Don't make me wait
One more moment for my
life to start . . .

I love you Baltimore

Every day's like an open door
Every night is a fantasy
Every sound like a symphony

And I promise Baltimore
That some day when
I take to the floor
The world's gonna wake
up and see
Gonna wake up and see
Baltimore and me . . .
Baltimore and me . . .
Baltimore and me!

THE NICEST KIDS IN TOWN

CORNY

Hey there, teenage Baltimore!
Don't change that channel!
Cause it's time
For the Corny Collins Show!
Brought to you by Ultra
Clutch Hairspray!

Oh, every afternoon
When the clock strikes four
A crazy bunch of kids
Crash through that door, yeah
They throw off their coats
And leave the squares behind
And then they shake it,
shake it, shake it
Like they're losing their mind
You'll never see them frown
'Cause they're The Nicest
Kids In Town

Oh, every afternoon
You turn your T.V. on
And we know you turn the sound up

When your parents are gone, yeah
Then you twist and shout
For your favorite star
And when you practice every step
That's in your repertoire
You better come on down
And meet The Nicest Kids In Town

Nice white kids
Who like to lead the way
And once a month
We have our "Negro Day!"
And I'm the man who keeps
it spinnin' round
Mr. Corny Collins
With the latest, greatest
Baltimore sound!!

So, every afternoon
Drop everything
Who needs to read and write
When you can dance and sing?
Forget about your algebra
And calculus
You can always do your homework
On the morning bus
Can't tell a verb from a noun
They're The Nicest Kids In Town

Roll Call!!

COUNCIL KIDS
I'm Amber! Brad! Tammy! Fender!
Brenda! Sketch! Shelley!
IQ! Lou Ann! Joey! Mikey! Vicki!
Becky! Bix! Jesse! Darla!
Paulie! Noreen! Doreen!
And I'm . . . Link!

CORNY
So, if every night you're shaking

As you lie in bed
And the bass and drums
Are pounding in your head
Who cares about sleep
When you can snooze in school
They'll never get to college
But they'll sure look cool
Don't need a cap and a gown
When you're
The Nicest Kids In Town
They're the nicest, nicest
They're the nicest, nicest
They're the sugar 'n' spicest,
The Nicest Kids In . . .

CORNY & KIDS
Kids In Town!

IT TAKES TWO

LINK
They say it's a man's world
Well, that cannot be denied
But what good's a man's world
Without a woman by his side
And so I will wait
Until that moment you decide

That I'm your man
And you're my girl
That I'm the sea
And you're the pearl
It Takes Two, baby,
It Takes Two

A king ain't a king
Without the power behind the throne
A prince is a pauper, babe,
Without a chick to call his own
So please, darling, choose me
I don't wanna rule alone
Tell me,

I'm your king
And you're my queen
That no one else
Can come between
It Takes Two, baby,
It Takes Two

Don't you know

Lancelot had Guinevere
Mrs. Claus has old St. Nick
Romeo had Juliet
And Liz, well, she has her Dick

They say it takes two to tango
Well, that tango's child's play
So take me to the dance floor
And we'll twist the night away

Just like Frankie Avalon
Had his favorite Mouseketeer
I dream of a lover, babe,
To say the things I long to hear
So come closer baby,
Oh and whisper in my ear

Tell me, that you're my girl
And I'm your boy
That you're my pride
And I'm your joy
That I'm the sand
And you're the tide
And I'll be the groom
If you'll be my bride
It Takes Two, baby,
It Takes Two
It Takes Two, baby
It Takes Two

(THE LEGEND OF) MISS BALTIMORE CRABS

VELMA
Front step cha cha cha
Back step cha cha cha
Side step front step
Back and turn
Oh Amber, look at this motley crew!
This town sure has gone downhill since I was crowned "Miss Baltimore Crabs"

AMBER
Oh Mother not more ancient history

VELMA
Oh my God
How times have changed
These girls must be blind or
Completely deranged
But time seemed to halt
When I was "Miss Baltimore Crabs"
Amber! That move is far too dirty

AMBER
Mother, wake up from that dream of yours. This isn't 1930!

VELMA
You can laugh but life's a test
Don't do this, don't do that
Remember Mother knows best
For the crown's in the vault
From when I won "Miss Baltimore Crabs"

AMBER
These steps are perfect ammunition

VELMA
Let me show you how your mommy dear
Took out the competition.
Girls, go get em! Boys, lets rhumba!
Those poor runner-ups
May still hold some grudges

They padded their 'cups'
But I screwed the judges
Those broads thought they'd win
If a plate they would spin
In their dance
Not a chance!
Boys, put me down.
Good morning ladies.
Let's see what you've got.

COUNCIL GIRLS
Twist twist twist twist mashed
potato mambo

VELMA
Ready? Begin, on my show
you'll never find
A thrusting hip or bump and grind

AMBER
What's that, a dance for fleas
and ticks?

VELMA
You should have seen my bag of tricks!
Ohh I hit the stage batons ablaze
While belting Aida
And preparing soufflés
But that triple sommersault
Was how I clinched "Miss
Baltimore Crabs."
Proceed . . .

TAMMY
Are you scared? We're on live.

TRACY
No, I'm sure I can cope!

AMBER
Well, this show isn't broadcast
In . . .

COUNCIL GIRLS
. . . Cinemascope

VELMA
I never drank one chocolate malt
No desserts for "Miss Baltimore Crabs"

AMBER
This one will never get a date
In those hand me down clothes.

VELMA
Kid, she'll never get a date
'Til daddy buys her a new nose.
I would say 'oy gevalt if I wasn't
Miss Baltimore Crabs!

AMBER
Do you dance like you dress?

LINK
Amber, there's no need to be cruel!

VELMA
Would you swim in an
integrated pool?

TRACY
I sure would. I'm all for
Integration. It's the new frontier!

VELMA
Not in Baltimore it isn't.
And may I be frank?
First impressions can be tough
And when I saw you I knew it
If your size weren't enough
Your last answer just blew it!
And so, my dear so short and stout
You'll never be "in"

VELMA / COUNCIL KIDS
So we're kicking you out!

VELMA
With your form and your face
Awww, it isn't your fault
You're just down with a case
of "Miss . . ."

VELMA / COUNCIL KIDS
. . . Baltimore . . .

VELMA
. . . Crabs!"
You may go

TRACY
Um . . . thank you

PENNY
I could see that they secretly
liked you

LITTLE INEZ
Hello ma'am, may I please audition

VELMA / COUNCIL KIDS
Of course not,
But you can bow and exalt!
'Cause I am "Miss Baltimore . . .

VELMA / COUNCIL KIDS
Crabs!!!"
Crabs, crabs, crabs!!!

I CAN HEAR THE BELLS

TRACY (All vocals by **NIKKI BLONSKY**)
I Can Hear The Bells

PENNY
What'd you say?

TRACY
Well, don'tcha hear
'em chime?

PENNY
"Chimes" not how I'd put it

TRACY
Can't 'cha feel my heartbeat
Keeping perfect time
And all because he
Touched me
He looked at me and stared,
Yes he bumped me
My heart was unprepared
When he tapped me
And knocked me off my feet
One little touch
Now my life's complete

'Cause when he nudged me
Love put me in a fix
Yes it hit me
Just like a ton of bricks
Yes my heart burst
Now I know what life's about
One little touch
And loves knocked me out and . . .

I Can Hear The Bells
My head is spinning
I Can Hear The Bells
Something's beginning

Everybody says
That a girl who looks like me
Can't win his love
Well, just wait and see
'Cause I Can Hear The Bells
Just hear them chiming
I Can Hear The Bells
My temperature's climbing

I can't contain my joy
'Cause I finally found the boy
I've been missin'
Listen!
I Can Hear The Bells

Round one
He'll ask me on a date and then
Round two
I'll primp, but won't late because
Round three's
When we kiss inside his car
Won't go all the way
But I'll go pretty far!

Round four
He'll ask me for my hand and then
Round five

We'll book the wedding band
So by
Round six
Amber, much to your surprise
This heavyweight champion
Takes the prize and . . .

I Can Hear The Bells
My ears are ringing
I Can Hear The Bells
The bridesmaids are singing

Everybody says
That a guy who's such a gem
Won't look my way
Well the laughs on them cause

I Can Hear The Bells
My father will smile
I Can Hear The Bells
As he walks me down the aisle
My mother starts to cry
But I can't see
'Cause Link and I are French kissin'
Listen!
I Can Hear The Bells

I Can Hear The Bells
My head is reeling
I Can Hear The Bells
I can't stop the pealing
Everybody warns
That he wont like what he'll see
But I know that he'll look
inside of me, yeah . . .
I Can Hear The Bells
Today's just the start cause
I Can Hear The Bells
And til death do us part
And even when we die
We'll look down from up above
Remembering the night
That we two fell in love

We both will shed a tear
And he'll whisper as we're reminiscin'
Listen!
I Can Hear The Bells
We can hear the bells
I Can Hear The Bells
We can hear the bells
I Can Hear The Bells

LADIES' **CHOICE**

LINK

Hey little girl with the cash to burn
I'm sellin' something you won't return
Hey little girl take me off the shelf
'Cause it's hard having fun playing with
yourself
Once you've browsed through the
whole selection
Shake your hips in my direction

A prettier package you never did see
Take me home and then unwrap me
Shop around but little darlin'
I've got to be
The Ladies' Choice, (Ladies' Choice),
Ladies' Choice

Hey little girl looking for a sale
Test drive this American male
It's gonna take cash to fill my tank
So let's crack open your piggy bank
Hey little girl going window shopping
I got something traffic stopping

Hey, little girl on a spending spree
I don't come cheap but the kisses
come free
On closer inspection I'm sure that
you'll agree
I'm the Ladies' Choice, (Ladies'
Choice), Ladies' Choice

(Ahhhhh, ahhhhh, ahhhhh, ahhhh)
(Wow!)
Hey, little girl on a spending spree
I don't come cheap but the kisses
come free
On closer inspection I'm sure that
you'll agree

Hey little girl, listen to my plea
I come with a lifetime guarantee
And one day maybe we'll find that
baby makes three
It's the Ladies' Choice
I'm the Ladies' Choice
The Ladies' Choice
I'm the Ladies' Choice choice choice
I'm the Ladies' Choice

THE NEW GIRL IN TOWN

AMBER, TAMMY & SHELLEY

Hey look out for that moving van
Driving down our streets
You better lock up your man
Before he meets
The New Girl In Town

AMBER

Who just came on the scene

AMBER, TAMMY & SHELLEY

The New Girl In Town

AMBER

Can't be more than sixteen

AMBER, TAMMY & SHELLEY

And she's got a way of makin'

A boy act like a clown
Wo-oo, wo-oo, wo-oo, wo-oo
We don't know what to do
'Bout the next girl in town
The New Girl In Town

SHELLEY
Seems to dance on air

AMBER, TAMMY & SHELLEY
The New Girl In Town

TAMMY
She's got the coolest hair

AMBER, TAMMY & SHELLEY
You better tell the homecoming queen
To hold on to her crown
Wo-oo, wo-oo, wo-oo, wo-oo
Or she's gonna lose it to
The New Girl In Town

SHELLEY & TAMMY
She's hip, so cool

AMBER
I'm gonna get her after school!

AMBER, TAMMY & SHELLEY
And yet we'd like to be like her
'Cause she's the kitten
That the cats prefer

DYNAMITES
The New Girl In Town

DYNAMITE #1
Has my guy on a string

DYNAMITES
The New Girl In Town

DYNAMITE #3
Hey look she's wearing his ring

DYNAMITES
I can't stop crying and so
In my own tears I'm gonna drown
Wo-oo, wo-oo, wo-oo, wo-oo

DYNAMITE #1
Cause he wants to rendezvous

DYNAMITES
With the new girl

DYNAMITE #2
We kinda sad and blue

DYNAMITES
Yes it's true girl
We'd like to say . . .
To The New Girl In Town
The New Girl In Town
Wo-oo, wo-oo, wo-oo, wo-oo
From out of the blue girl
This town's in a stew girl
What a hullabaloo girl
She ain't just passing through girl
She's sticking like glue girl
To the man I thought I knew girl
Wo-oo, wo-oo, wo-oo, wo-oo
Hey look out for that moving van
Look out, look out. Look out, look out
She was . . . The New Girl In Town

WELCOME TO THE 60's

EDNA
Tracy, I haven't left this house in years.

TRACY
Then isn't it time you did.

EDNA
Oh no Tracy, we'll have your father meet with him.
I don't wanna be seen like this, the neighbors haven't seen me since I was a size 10.
Don't make me do it Tracy.

TRACY
Ma, it's changing out there. You'll like it. People who are different, their time is coming.

TRACY
Hey mama, hey mama,
Look around
Everybody's groovin' to a
Brand new sound
Hey mama, hey mama,
Follow me
I know something's in you
That you wanna set free
So let go, go, go of the past now
Say hello to the love in your heart
Yes, I know that the world's
Spinning fast now
You gotta get yourself
A brand new start

DYNAMITES & TRACY
Hey mama, Welcome To The 60's
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh mama, Welcome To The 60's
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Go mama, go, go, go!

DYNAMITES
Welcome to the 60's
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh,
Hey mama, yeah, yeah, yeah,
Yeah, yeah, yeah

TRACY
Hey mama, hey mama,
Have some fun

EDNA
I haven't left this house since
1951!

TRACY
Hey mama, hey mama,
Take a chance

EDNA
Oh Tracy, it's been years
Since someone asked me to dance

TRACY & DYNAMITES
(So let go, go, go) of the past now
(Say hello) to the light in
your eyes
Yes, I know that the world's
Spinning fast now
But you gotta run the race
To win the prize

DYNAMITES & TRACY
Hey mama, Welcome To The 60's
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh mama, Welcome To The 60's
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Go mama, go, go, go!

DYNAMITES
Welcome To The 60's
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh,
Hey mama,
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Hey mama, Welcome To The 60's
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh mama, Welcome To The 60's
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Go mama, go, go, go!
Welcome To The 60's
Hey mama, hey mama
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Welcome to the rhythm
of a brand new day

TRACY
Take your old-fashioned fears
DYNAMITES
And just throw them away
You should add some color
and a fresh new "do"
'Cause it's time for a star
Who looks Just like you!

MR. PINKY
There's my shining star, fantastic
to meet you. I'm Mr. Pinky
TRACY
It's so nice to meet you
MR. PINKY
Tracy, is this your older sister?
EDNA
Flattery will not distract
Miss Turnblad's agent.
MR. PINKY
54 double D??
EDNA
Triple E
MR. PINKY
I hit the motherload!

DYNAMITES
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Welcome to the 60's
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh mama, Welcome To The 60's
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Go mama, go, go, go!

DYNAMITE #1
Dontcha let nobody
Try to steal your fun
'Cause a little touch
of lipstick
Never hurt no one

DYNAMITE #2
The future's got a million roads
For you to choose
But you'll walk a little taller
In some high-heel shoes

DYNAMITE #3
And once you find the style
That makes you feel like you
Something fresh
Something new

DYNAMITES & MR. PINKY
Step on out, Hear us shout
DYNAMITES & TRACY
Mama, that's your cue!!!

EDNA
Hey Tracy, hey baby,
Look at me!
I'm the cutest chickie
That you ever did see
Hey Tracy, hey baby,
Look at us
Where is there a team
That's half as fabulous?!

EDNA & DYNAMITES
I let go, go, go of the past now
Said hello to this red carpet ride
Yes I know that the world's
spinning fast now
Tell Lollobrigida to step aside!
Your mama's welcoming the 60's
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh. Oh, oh, oh
Oh your mama's welcoming the 60's
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Go, mama, go, go, go!
Welcome To The 60's

ALL
She's a star
Tracy go, go, go
Hey mama, Welcome To The 60's

EDNA
Your mama's hip
TRACY
Hip!
EDNA

Your mama's in

TRACY
In mama!

EDNA
Your mama's looking at herself
And wondering "where you been?"

TRACY
Where YOU been?!

EDNA
Your mama's lit

TRACY
Lit!

EDNA
She's all aglow

TRACY
Go mama!

EDNA
Your mama once was holding back
But mama's gotta let go, go, go!

DYNAMITES
Welcome to the 6, to the 0
To the apostrophe "s"
Hey!

(Riffing)

ALL
Go mama, go, go, go!!

RUN AND TELL THAT

SEAWEED
I can't see why people look
at me
And only see the color
of my face
Then there's those
That try to help, God knows
But always have to put me
in my place
But I won't ask you to be color blind
'Cause if you pick the fruit
Then girl, you're sure to find . . .
The blacker the berry
The sweeter the juice
I could say it ain't so
But darlin', what's the use
The darker the chocolate
The richer the taste
And that's where it's at . . .
Now baby Run And Tell That!!

DETENTION KIDS
Run And Tell That!

SEAWEED
Oh sugar, Run And Tell That!

DETENTION KIDS
Run And Tell That!

SEAWEED
I can't see why people disagree
Each time I tell them what
I know is true
And if you come and see the
world I'm from
I bet your heart is gonna feel
it too
Yeah, I could lie
But baby, let's be bold
Vanilla can be nice
But if the truth be told . . .
The blacker the berry
The sweeter the juice
I could say it ain't so
But darlin', what's the use

The darker the chocolate
The richer the taste
That's where it's at
Oh baby Run And Tell That!!

DETENTION KIDS (repeat)
Run And Tell That!

SEAWEED
Come here girl. This is my
sister, Li'l Inez.

LI'L INEZ
Oh, I know Tracy Turnblad.
Good for you girl, you got on the show.

TRACY
Well, you better be next.

LI'L INEZ
You got that right.

SEAWEED
Oh, you know she is,
you better show her girl.

LI'L INEZ
I'm tired of coverin' up all my pride

SEAWEED & DETENTION KIDS
So give me five on the
black-hand side

LI'L INEZ
I've got a new way of movin'
And I got my own voice

SEAWEED & DETENTION KIDS
So how can I help
But to shout and rejoice

LI'L INEZ
The people 'round here
Can barely pay their rent
They're try'n to make dollar
Out 'a fifteen cent
But we got a spirit
Money just cant buy
It's deep as a river
And soars to the sky, to the sky!!

SEAWEED
I cant see
The reason it can't be

The kinda world where we
all get our chance

The time is now
So we can show 'em how
Just turn the music up and
let's all dance

'Cause all things are equal
When it comes to love
Well, that ain't quite true
'Cause when push comes
to shove . . .

The blacker the berry
The sweeter the juice
I could say it ain't so
But darlin', what's the use
The darker the chocolate
The richer the taste
And thats where it's at

SEAWEED & DETENTION KIDS
. . . Now Run And Tell That!!

DETENTION KIDS (repeat)
Run And Tell That!

BIG, BLONDE AND BEAUTIFUL

MAYBELLE
Bring on that pecan pie
Pour some sugar on it
Sugar don't be shy

Scoop me up a mess
Of that chocolate swirl
Don't be stingy,
I'm a growing girl

I offer big love
With no apology

How can I deny the world
The most of me

I am not afraid
To throw my weight around
Pound by pound by pound
Because I'm Big, Blonde
And Beautiful
Face the fact
It's simply irrefutable

No one wants a meal
That only offers the least
When girl we're servin' up
The whole damn feast

Slice me off a piece
Of that hog head cheese
Then take a look inside
My book of recipes
Now, don't you sniff around
For something fluffy and light
We need a man who brings
A man-size appetite
We'll use a pinch of sugar
And a dash of spice
We'll let ya lick the spoon
Because it tastes so nice

We'll keep it in our oven
'Til it's good and hot
Keep on stirring til it hits the spot
Because I'm . . .

Big, Blonde And Beautiful
There is nothing 'bout us
That's unsuitable
Why sit in the bleachers
Timid and afraid
When Edna,
You look like the whole parade!

They said white has might
And thin is in
Well that's just bull
'Cause ladys, big is back
And as for black, it's beautiful

All shapes and sizes follow me
Who wants a twig
When you can climb the whole tree

BIG, BLONDE AND BEAUTIFUL (REPRISE)

VELMA
Those lips, those eyes–
EDNA
–That food, well, there ain't
nothin like a spread
To get ya in the mood
VELMA
Wilbur, can't you feel the
burning flame of hot desire
You're gonna need more
than some selzter
To put out this fire
EDNA
I'm wailing, "look out old Baltimore"
VELMA
I'm selling something you
can't purchase
At a ten cent store
EDNA
Oh Wilbur, I feel like a princess,
Come on take me to the ball
VELMA
I bet you're tired of heavy lifting
Get your hands on something small
EDNA
Because I'm a Big
VELMA
Blonde

BOTH
And Beautiful
It's time to face the facts
it's irrefutable
VELMA
Why waste one more minute
EDNA
Now I feel brand spankin' new!
BOTH
Hey Wilbur, take a look, it's all for . . .
VELMA
You!!??
EDNA
You???

(YOU'RE) TIMELESS TO ME

WILBUR
Styles keep a changin'
The world's re-arrangin'
But Edna, You're Timeless To Me
Hemlines are shorter
A beer costs a quarter
But time cannot take what
comes free

You're like a stinky old cheese, babe
Just getting riper with age
You're like a fatal disease, babe
But there's no cure
So let this fever rage

Some folks can't stand it
Say time is a bandit
But I take the opposite view
Cause when I need a lift
Time brings a gift
Another day with you
A twist or a waltz
It's all the same schmaltz
With just a change in
the scenery
You'll never be old hat,
that's that!
You're Timeless To Me

EDNA
Fads keep a-fadin'
Castro's invading
But Wilbur, You're Timeless To Me
Hairdos are higher
Mine feels like barbed wire
But you say I'm chic as can be!

You're like a rare vintage ripple
A vintage they'll never forget
So pour me a teeny weenie triple
And we can toast the fact
We ain't dead yet!

I can't stop eating
Your hairline's receding
And soon you'll have nothing at all
So, you'll wear a wig while
I roast a pig
Hey, pass the Geritol
Glenn Miller had brass
That Chubby Checker's a gas
But they all pass eventually
You'll never be passe, Hip hooray!
You're Timeless To Me

WILBUR
You're like a broken down Chevy
EDNA
All I need is a fresh coat of paint
WILBUR
And Edna, you got me goin'
hot and heavy
You're fat and old, but baby,
boring you ain't!

WILBUR & EDNA
Some folks don't get it
But we never fret it
'Cause we know that time
is our friend
Yeah it's plain to see
That you're stuck with me
Until the bitter end
And we got a kid
Who's blowin' the lid
Off the Turnblad family tree
EDNA
You'll always hit the spot, big shot!
You're Timeless To Me
WILBUR
You'll always be du jour
mon amour
You're Timeless To Me
EDNA
You'll always be first string
WILBUR
Ring-a-ding-ding!
WILBUR & EDNA
You're Timeless To Me
EDNA
You're Timeless To Me
WILBUR
You're Timeless To Me
WILBUR & EDNA
You're Timeless To Me

I KNOW WHERE I'VE BEEN

MAYBELLE
There's a light in the darkness
Though the night is black as my skin
There's a light burning bright
Showing me the way
But I Know Where I've Been

There's a cry in the distance
It's a voice that comes
from deep within
There's a cry asking why
I pray the answer's up ahead
'Cause I Know Where I've Been

There's a road we've been travelin'
Lost so many on the way
But the riches will be plenty
Worth the price,
The price we had to pay

There's a dream in the future
There's a struggle that we have
yet to win
And there's pride in my heart
'Cause I know where I'm going,
yes I do
And I Know Where I've Been

There's a road we must travel
There's a promise, we must make
But the riches, the riches
will be plenty
Worth the risk and the
chances that we take
There's a dream in the future
There's a struggle that we
have yet to win
Use that pride in our hearts
To lift us up to tomorrow
'Cause just to sit still
Would be a sin
I know where I'm going
Lord knows I Know Where
I've Been
Oh, when we win
I'll give thanks to my God
'Cause I Know Where I've Been

WITHOUT LOVE

LINK
Once I was a selfish fool
Who never understood
Never looked inside myself
Though on the outside, I looked good!
Then we met and you made me
The man I am today
Tracy, I'm in love with you
No matter what you weigh
'Cause . . .

TRACY & LINK
Without Love

LINK
Life is like the seasons
with no summer

TRACY & LINK
Without Love

LINK
Life is rock 'n' roll without
A drummer

TRACY & LINK
Tracy, I'll be yours forever
'Cause I never wanna be
Without Love

LINK
Tracy, never set me free

LINK & TRACY
No, I ain't lyin'
Never set me free
No, no, no!!

SEAWEED
Living in the ghetto
Black is everywhere you go
Who'd of thought I'd love a girl
Who's skin was white as winter's snow

PENNY
In my ivory tower
Life was just a hostess snack
But now I've tasted chocolate
And I'm never going back

PENNY & SEAWEED
'Cause Without Love

SEAWEED
Life is like a beat that
you can't follow

PENNY & SEAWEED
Without Love

PENNY
Life is Doris Day at the Apollo

PENNY & SEAWEED
Darling, I'll be yours forever
'Cause I never wanna be

PENNY
Without Love

SEAWEED
So darling, never set me free, no

PENNY & SEAWEED
I'm yours forever
Never set me free
No, no, no!

LINK
If I'm left without my baby doll
I don't know what I'll do

TRACY
Link, I've got to break out so
That I can get my hands on you

SEAWEED
Girl, if I can't touch you
Then I'm gonna lose control

PENNY
Seaweed, you're my black
white knight
I've found my blue-eyed soul

ALL
Sweet freedom is our goal

LINK
Trace, I wanna kiss ya
TRACY
Let me out at the next toll
ALL
Without Love
SEAWEED
Life is like a prom that
won't invite us
ALL
Without Love
LINK
It's like getting my big break
and laryngitis
ALL
'Cause Without Love
PENNY
Life's a '45' when you
can't buy it
ALL
Without Love
TRACY
Life is like my mother on a diet
ALL
Like a week that's only Mondays
Only ice cream never sundaes
Like a circle with no center
Like a door marked "do not enter!"
Darling, I'll be yours forever
'Cause I never wanna be . . .
Without Love
SEAWEED & PENNY
Yes now you've captured me
Without Love
TRACY & LINK
I surrender happily
Without Love
PENNY
Oh Seaweed
PENNY & SEAWEED
Never set me free
No, no, no
LINK & TRACY
No, I ain't lyin'
PENNY & SEAWEED
Never set me free
ALL
No, no, no
SEAWEED & PENNY
No, I dont wanna live Without
Love, love, love
LINK
Yeah, yeah, yeah
SEAWEED
Pretty Penny little
ALL
Darling, you had best believe me,
Never leave me Without Love!

(IT'S) HAIRSPRAY

CORNY
And now, broadcast live
in front of
A live studio audience, for the
First time, from the certified,
up-to-code
WYZT studio–
It's The Corny Collins Miss
Hairspray Spectacular!
COUNCIL GIRLS
He's Corny!!
CORNY
. . . brought to you by Ultra
Clutch Hairspray!
CORNY
What gives a girl
Power and punch?
Is it charm, is it poise?
No, It's Hairspray!

What gets a gal
Asked out to lunch
Is it brains, is it dough?
No, It's Hairspray!

If you take a ride
With no can at your side
Then your flip will be gone
With the wind

But if you spray it and lock it,
You can take off in a rocket
And in outer space
Each hair will be in place

Why take a chance
When you get up and dance
If you twist, I insist
You use Hairspray

And tell your mother
Her head she should smother
With "Ultra Clutch" faithfully

So if you're a redhead,
A blonde or brunette
Just take my advice
And you might just get
The only thing better
than Hairspray
That's me!

COUNCIL KIDS
Ska-doo-dle-e-ya
Doo-dle-e-ya do wah
CORNY
Forget the milkman
The only thing better
than Hairspray

COUNCIL KIDS
Hairspray! Wow!
CORNY
That's me!

CORNY & COUNCIL KIDS
What makes a man
Reach out and touch?
"Ultra Clutch!"

So if you're a redhead,
A blonde or brunette
Just take my advice
And you might just get
CORNY
The only thing better
than Hairspray
That's me!

COUNCIL KIDS
Ska-doo-dle-e-ya
Doo-dle-e-ya do wah
COUNCIL GIRLS
He's Corny Collins!
CORNY
The only thing better
than Hairspray
COUNCIL KIDS
Hairspray! Wow!
CORNY
That's me!
COUNCIL KIDS
Ska-doo-dle-e-ya do wah
Ska-doo-dle-e-ya do wah!
COUNCIL KIDS
Do wow!
CORNY
"Hey, baby, you look like you
could use a stiff one!"
COUNCIL MEMBER
Ska-doo-dle-e-ya-do do wah!!!!

YOU CAN'T STOP THE BEAT

TRACY
You can't stop an avalanche
As it races down the hill
You can try to stop the
seasons, girl
But ya know you never will
And you can try to stop my
dancin' feet
But I just cannot stand still
'Cause the world keeps spinning
'Round and 'round
And my heart's keeping time
To the speed of sound

I was lost 'til I heard the drums
Then I found my way

TRACY & LINK
'Cause You Can't Stop The Beat
Ever since this old world began
A woman found out if she shook it
She could shake up a man
And so I'm gonna shake and shimmy it
The best that I can today
'Cause you can't stop
The motion of the ocean
Or the sun in the sky
You can wonder if you wanna
But I never ask why
And if you try to hold me down
I'm gonna spit in your eye and say
That You Can't Stop The Beat!

PENNY
You can't stop a river
As it rushes to the sea
SEAWEED
You can try and stop the hands
of time
But'cha know it just can't be
PENNY
And if they try to stop us, Seaweed,
PENNY & SEAWEED
We'll call the NAACP!
'Cause the world keeps spinning
'Round and 'round.
SEAWEED
'Round and 'round
PENNY
And my heart's keeping time
To the speed of sound
SEAWEED
Speed of sound, yeah

PENNY
I was lost till I heard the drums
Then I found my way

PENNY & SEAWEED
'Cause You Can't Stop The Beat
Ever since we first saw the light
A man and woman liked to shake it
On a Saturday night
And so I'm gonna shake and shimmy it
With all my might today
'Cause you can't stop
The motion of the ocean
Or the rain from above
They can try to stop the paradise
We're dreaming of
But they cannot stop the rhythm
Of two hearts in love to stay
'Cause You Can't Stop The Beat!
ENDA
You cant stop my happiness
'Cause I like the way I am
And you just can't stop my
knife and fork
When I see a Christmas ham
So if you don't like the way I look
Well, I just don't give a damn!

ENDA & ENSEMBLE
'Cause the world keeps spinning
'Round and 'round
And my heart's keeping time
To the speed of sound
I was lost til I heard the drums
Then I found my way
'Cause You Can't Stop The Beat
Ever since this old world began
A woman found out if she shook it
She could shake up a man
(Go mama go)

And so I'm gonna shake and shimmy it
The best that I can today
(Go mama, show 'em mama)

'Cause you cant stop
The motion of the ocean
Or the sun in the sky
(Go go go)
You can wonder if you wanna
But I never ask why
(Go mama, go go go)
And if you try to hold me down
I'm gonna spit in your eye and say
(Go mama, show 'em mama)
That You Can't Stop The Beat!

MOTORMOUTH
Alright Miss Buttercup . . . it's
Time to wrap this mutha' up!
Oh, oh, oh,
You can't stop today
ENSEMBLE
No!
MOTORMOUTH
As it comes speeding down the track
ENSEMBLE
Ooh, child yes!
MOTORMOUTH
Yesterday is history
ENSEMBLE
Be gone!
MOTORMOUTH
And it's never coming back

ENSEMBLE
Look ahead
ALL
Cause tomorrow
MOTORMOUTH
Is a

ALL
Brand new day
MOTORMOUTH
And it don't know white from black
ALL
Yeah!

MOTORMOUTH & ENSEMBLE
'Cause the world keeps spinning
'Round and 'round
And my heart's keeping time
To the speed of sound
I was lost til I heard the drums
Then I found my way
'Cause You Can't Stop The Beat

Ever since we first saw the light
A man and woman liked to shake it
On a Saturday night
And so I'm gonna shake and shimmy it
With all my might today
'Cause you can't stop

The motion of the ocean
Or the rain from above
They can try to stop this paradise
We're dreaming of
But you cannot stop the rhythm
Of two hearts in love to stay
'Cause You Can't Stop The Beat

ALL
Ever since we first saw the sun
A man and woman like to shake it
When the day is done
So we're gonna shake and shimmy it
And have some fun today

You can't stop
The motion of the ocean
Or the rain from above
You can try to stop the paradise
We're dreaming of
But they cannot stop the rhythm
Of two hearts in love to stay

'Cause You Can't Stop The Beat!
You Can't Stop The Beat!
You Can't Stop The Beat!

COME SO FAR
(GOT SO FAR TO GO)

QUEEN LATIFAH, NIKKI BLONSKY, ZAC EFRON AND ELIJAH KELLEY
Hey old friend, let's look back
On the crazy clothes we wore
Ain't it fun to look back
And to see it's all been done before

All those nights together
Are a special memory
And I can't wait for tomorrow
Just as long as you're
dancing next to me

'Cause it's so clear
Every year
We get stronger
What's gone is gone
The past is the past
Turn the radio up
And then hit the gas
'Cause . . .

I know we've Come So Far
But we've Got So Far To Go
I know the road seems long
But it won't be long 'till it's time to go
So, most days we'll take it fast
And some nights lets take it slow
I know we've Come So Far
But baby
We've Got So Far To Go

Hey old friend, together
Side by side and year by year
The road was filled with twists
and turns
Oh but that's the road that
got us here

Let's move past the bad times
But before those memories fade
Let's forgive but not forget
And learn from the mistakes we made

'Cause it's so clear
Every year
We get stronger
So don't give up
Don't say when
And just get back on the road again

'Cause . . .
I know we've Come So Far
But we've Got So Far To Go
I know the road seems long
But it won't be long till it's
time to go
So, most days we'll take it fast
And some nights lets take it slow
I know we've Come So Far
Oh but baby, baby
We've Got So Far To Go

Hey old friend come along for the ride
There's plenty of room so jump inside
The highway's rocky every now and then
But it so much better than
where I've been

Just keep movin', at your own speed
Your heart is all the compass
you'll ever need

Let's keep cruisin' the road we're on
'Cause the rear view mirror only shows
what's gone, gone, gone

'Cause it's so clear
Every year
We get stronger
So shine that light
Take my hand
And let's dance into tomorrow land

'Cause . . .
I know we've Come So Far
But we've Got So Far To Go
I know the road seems long
But it won't be long till it's
time to go
So, most days we'll take it fast
And some nights lets take it slow
I know we've Come So Far
Oh but baby, baby
We've Got So Far To Go

COOTIES

AIMEE ALLEN

They came from way far out
In outer space
She's hard to miss
And so they landed on her face
She's got Cooties!
They've found a place to nest
She's got Cooties!
If I were her I'd be depressed
Long tailed, sharp nailed
Fuzzy legs, laying eggs

"Oh no! Get 'em away!"

In science class
She's like a walking show-and-tell
Her pet skunk ran away
'Cause it couldn't take the smell
She's got Cooties
Nobody wants to sit by her
She's got Cooties!
Don't need a coat
'Cause she's got fur!
Circle, circle,
Dot, dot, dot
Glad I got my cootie shot!

"Come on boys, let's stamp 'em out!"

BOYS
She's got Cooties!
AIMEE
She's just as friendly as can be
BOYS
She's got Cooties!
AIMEE
She shows them cootie hospitality
BOYS
She's got Cooties!
AIMEE
She's like a living "Twilight Zone"
BOYS
She's got Cooties!

"Quick, uh, can you get Rod
Serling on the phone?"

Black, white, red, green
Every color in between
Dresses like a circus clown
Somebody oughta hose her down
Grew up in a cootie zoo
I bet her two-ton mama's got 'em too!

CRAZED MAN
"She's coming!"
AIMEE
She's just as friendly as can be
She shows them cootie hospitality
This girlie's sure to catch your eye
She surely likes to let her freak flag fly

Come on boys!
Let's dance!
Let's stamp 'em out!

Black, white, red, green
Every color in between
Dresses like a circus clown
Somebody oughta hose her down
Grew up in a cootie zoo
I bet her two-ton mama's got 'em too

MAMA, I'M A BIG GIRL NOW

NIKKI BLONSKY, MARISSA JARET WINOKUR AND RICKI LAKE

MOMS
Stop!
NIKKI
Stop telling me what to do
MOMS
Don't!
RICKI
Don't treat me like a child of two
MOMS
No!
MARISSA
I know that you want what's best
MOMS
Please!
NIKKI
But mother, please,
GIRLS
Give it a rest!!!
ALL
Stop! Don't! No! Please!

Stop! Don't! No! Please!
Stop! Don't! No! Please!
Mama, I'm A Big Girl Now!

NIKKI
Once upon a time when I
was just a kid
You never let me do just what the
older kids did
But lose that laundry list of what
you won't allow

GIRLS
'Cause Mama, I'm A Big Girl Now

RICKI
Once upon a time I played
with "childhood" toys
But now I'd rather play around
with "older" boys
So, if I get a hickey, please don't
have a cow

GIRLS
'Cause Mama, I'm A Big Girl Now

MARISSA
Ma, I gotta tell you that
without a doubt
I get my best dancing lessons
from you
You're the one who taught me
how to "Twist and Shout"
Because you shout non-stop
And you're so twisted too!
Wo-oh-oh-oh-oh

NIKKI
Once I used to fidget 'cause
I just sat home

RICKI
But now I'm just like Gidget
and I gotta get to Rome!

MARISSA
So say, arrivederci!

NIKKI
Toodle-loo!

RICKI
And ciao!

GIRLS
'Cause Mama, I'm A Big Girl Now

ALL
Stop! Don't! No! Please!
Stop! Don't! No! Please!
Stop! Don't! No! Please!

GIRLS
Mama, I'm A Big Girl Now
(Hey mama, say mama)

MARISSA
Once upon a time I was a
shy young thing

RICKI
Could barely walk and talk so
much as dance and sing

NIKKI
But let me hit that stage,
I wanna take my bow

GIRLS
'Cause Mama, I'm A Big Girl Now

NIKKI
Wo-oh-oh-oh-oh
Once upon a time I used to
dress up 'Ken'

RICKI
But now that I'm a woman,
I like bigger men

MARISSA
And I don't need a barbie doll
to show me how

GIRLS
'Cause Mama, I'm A Big Girl Now

GIRLS
Ma, you always taught me
What was right from wrong
And now I just wanna give it a try
Mama, I've been in the nest
for far too long
So please give a push and
mama watch me fly

NIKKI
Watch me fly

GIRLS
Hey, mama, say mama

MARISSA
Someday I will meet a man
you won't condemn

RICKI
And we will have some kids
and you can torture them

TRACY
But let me be a star before
I take that vow

GIRLS
'Cause Mama, I'm A Big Girl Now

MARISSA
Oh-oh-oh

GIRLS
Mama, I'm A Big Girl Now

NIKKI
Hey-hey-hey

GIRLS
Mama, I'm a big girl

RICKI
Ooh, such a big, big girl!

GIRLS
I'm a big girl now

ALL
Stop! Don't! No! Please!
Stop! Don't! No! Please!
Stop! Don't! No! please!

GIRLS
Mama, I'm A Big Girl Now!!!

"THE DYNAMITES" VOCALISTS: SHAYNA STEELE / KAMILAH MARSHALL / TERITA REDD

ENSEMBLE: JOHN WEST-VOCAL CONTRACTOR / BOBBI PAGE-VOCAL CONTRACTOR / CARMEL ECHOLS / AYANA WILLIAMS / SABRINA SLOAN / CHYLA ANDERSON / DAVIA WALKER / CLIFF FRAZIER / MICHAEL MAYO / TERRON BROOKS / LOUIS PRICE / ARNOLD McCULLER / JOHN WEST / CLARKE THORELL / LEONARD SULLIVAN / PETER MATHEW SMITH / CHESTER GREGORY / WILLIS WHITE / LESLIE KRITZER / MICHAEL CUNIO / KATHARINE LEONARD / JENN GAMBATESE / JESSICA ROTTER / CANDICE RUMPH BURROWS / LAURA LIVELY / SOPHIA PIZZULO / CHRISTOPHER JOHNSON / JONATHAN BYRAM / JAMISON SCOTT ROBINSON / SHOSHANA BEAN / BOBBI PAGE / DONNA VIVINO / MARC SHAIMAN / MATT SULLIVAN / FRANK WOLF / LUCIAN PIANE / KEITH COTTON

GOSPEL CHOIR: LA MASS CHOIR/NEW DIMENSION, DONALD TAYLOR-CHOIR DIRECTOR

MUSIC CONTRACTORS: SANDY DECRESCENT / PETER ROTTER

FEATURED RHYTHM MUSICIANS: KEITH COTTON / PETER CALO / DAVID SPINOZZA / CLINT DE GANON / RICK GRATTON / FRANCISCO CENTENO / JIM COX / GEORGE DOERING / LARRY SALTZMAN / DEAN PARKS / MICHAEL THOMPSON / PAUL JACKSON JR. / NEIL STUBENHAUS / NATHAN EAST / MICHAEL VALERIO / JOHN "JR" ROBINSON / STEVE SCHAEFFER / MIKE FISHER

FEATURED HORN SECTION: SAXOPHONES: DAN HIGGINS / LARRY WILLIAMS / BILL LISTON / JOEL PESKIN **TRUMPETS:** GARY GRANT / JERRY HEY / WAYNE BERGERON / WARREN LUENING / LARRY HALL **TROMBONES:** ALEX ILES / CHARLIE LOPER / STEVE HOLTMAN / BILL REICHENBACH

MUSIC PREPARATION: JOANN KANE MUSIC SERVICE

CONCERT MASTER: RALPH MORRISON

THE HOLLYWOOD STUDIO SYMPHONY

VIOLINS: RALPH MORRISON - CM / JULIE ANN GIGANTE - P2 / EUN-MEE AHN / JACQUELINE BRAND / REBECCA BUNNELL / DARIUS CAMPO / ROBERTO CANI / LILY HO CHEN / JOEL DEROUIN / BRUCE DUKOV / ARMEN GARABEDIAN / ENDRE GRANAT / HENRY GRONNIER / ALAN GRUNFELD / TAMARA HATWAN / ERIC J. HOSLER / AIMEE KRESTON / DIMITRIE LEIVICI / PHILLIP LEVY / MARINA MANUKIAN / LIANE MAUTNER / GRACE E. OH / SID PAGE / KATIA POPOV / RAFAEL RISHIK / JAY ROSEN / MARC SAZER / KENNETH YERKE

VIOLAS: PAMELA GOLDSMITH - 1ST / BRIAN DEMBOW / MARLOW FISHER / MATTHEW FUNES / RICK GERDING / KEITH GREENE / JENNIE HANSEN / PIOTR JANDULA / SHAWN MANN / DARRIN MC CANN / SHANTI RANDALL / DAVID WALTHER

CELLI: ANTONY COOKE - 1ST / STEVE ERDODY / ERIKA DUKE-KIRKPATRICK / CHRISTINE ERMACOFF / PAULA HOCHHALTER / DENNIS KARMAZYN / TIMOTHY LANDAUER / DANE LITTLE / DERMOT MULRONEY / ANDREW SHULMAN / CECELIA TSAN

BASS: NICO ABONDOLO - 1ST / DREW D DEMBOWSKI / NATHAN EAST / EDWARD MEARES / BRUCE MORGENTHALER / DAVID PARMETER / SUSAN RANNEY / NEIL STUBENHAUS / MICHAEL VALERIO

FLUTES: LOUISE DILLON - 1ST / GREG HUCKINS / GERALDINE ROTELLA

CLARINETS: JAMES KANTER - 1ST / GARY BOVYER / BRANDON FIELDS / MICHAEL VACCARO / RALPH WILLIAMS

SAXES: DANIEL HIGGINS - 1ST / BILL LISTON / JOEL PESKIN / LAWRENCE WILLIAMS

OBOES: THOMAS BOYD - 1ST / PHILLIP AYLING

BASSOONS: ROSE CORRIGAN - 1ST / ALLEN SAVEDOFF

HORNS: JAMES THATCHER - 1ST / STEVEN BECKNELL / BRIAN O'CONNOR / RICHARD TODD

TRUMPETS: JERRY HEY - 1ST / WAYNE BERGERON / DANIEL FORNERO / GARY GRANT / JON LEWIS

TROMBONES: CHARLES LOPER - 1ST / CRAIG GOSNELL / STEVEN HOLTMAN / ALEXANDER ILES / ANDREW MARTIN / WILLIAM REICHENBACH

GUITARS: GEORGE DOERING / WELDON DEAN PARKS / MICHAEL THOMPSON

PERCUSSION: ALAN ESTES - 1ST / LUIS CONTE / PAULINHO DA COSTA / BRAD DUTZ / DANIEL GRECO / BRIAN KILGORE / PETER LIMONICK / JOHN F ROBINSON / STEVEN SCHAEFFER / DONALD J WILLIAMS

KEYBOARDS: MARC SHAIMAN / KEITH COTTON / JAMES COX / RANDY KERBER / MIKE LANG

HARP: GAYLE LEVANT

Music by Marc Shaiman
Lyrics by Scott Wittman and Marc Shaiman
Music Produced by Marc Shaiman
"Cooties" Produced by Marc Shaiman and Lucian Piane

All songs © 2000, 2001, 2002 by Winding Brook Way Music (ASCAP) and Walli Woo Entertainment (ASCAP) and lyrics used by permission of Hal Leonard Corporation except "Ladies' Choice," "The New Girl In Town," and "Come So Far (Got So Far To Go)" – © 2007 New Line Tunes (ASCAP) and "Big, Blonde and Beautiful (Reprise)" – © 2007 New Line Tunes (ASCAP), Winding Brook Way Music (ASCAP), and Walli Woo Entertainment (ASCAP).

MUSIC BY MARC SHAIMAN
LYRICS BY SCOTT WITTMAN AND MARC SHAIMAN
MUSIC PRODUCED BY MARC SHAIMAN
EXECUTIVE PRODUCED BY PAUL BROUCEK AND JASON LINN

MUSIC SUPERVISOR: MATT SULLIVAN

VERY SPECIAL THANKS: CRAIG ZADAN AND NEIL MERON

RECORDING ENGINEER: FRANK WOLF
ADDITIONAL ENGINEERING: CHRIS SPILFOGEL, PETE KARAM AND FAB
ASSISTANT ENGINEERS: STEPHEN STEPANIC, GREG HAYES, PATRICK SPAIN, STEVE GENEWICK, RYAN KENNEDY AND ERIC WEAVER
MIXING ENGINEERS: FRANK WOLF, ED CHERNEY AND PETER MOKRAN
MASTERED BY DOUG SAX

MUSIC EDITORS: LISA JAIME, SALLY BOLDT, WILL KAPLAN AND KATRINA SCHILLER
SCORE PROGRAMMERS: BRETT PIERCE AND LUCIAN PIANE
ORCHESTRATORS: MARC SHAIMAN, JEFF ATMAJIAN, BRUCE COUGHLIN, BRAD DECHTER, JERRY HEY, DAN HIGGINS AND HAROLD WHEELER

MUSIC DIRECTOR: LON HOYT

STUDIOS: CANADIAN BROADCASTING CORPORATION, CAPITOL STUDIOS, CONWAY RECORDING STUDIOS, LEGACY RECORDING STUDIOS, THE MASTERING LAB, MSI, RECORD PLANT, SONY MUSIC STUDIOS, STAGE M AND WESTLAKE RECORDING STUDIOS

SOUNDTRACK EXECUTIVE: JASON CIENKUS
SOUNDTRACK DIRECTION: SANDEEP SRIRAM
MUSIC BUSINESS AFFAIRS EXECUTIVES: LORI SILFEN AND JOHN F.X. WALSH
ART DIRECTION: GREG ALLEN FOR GAPD
PHOTOGRAPHY: DAVID JAMES

THANKS TO: PETER AXELRAD, ALICE CALAMAR, MARK CAVELL, CLAIRE & BILL, JOE KARA, KEVIN KERTES, RICHARD KRAFT, GENEVIEVE MORRIS, SOHRAB NAFICI, RICHARD READ, KIM REESE, SCOTT RIESETT, MARK SENDROFF AND RISHI SHAH

www.hairspraymovie.com • www.newlinerecords.com
for exclusive Hairspray merchandise, visit www.newlineshop.com

NEW LINE RECORDS

MOTION PICTURE ARTWORK AND PHOTOGRAPHY
© 2007 NEW LINE PRODUCTIONS, INC.